

The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1907.

Going Out of Town?

Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should have The Times-Dispatch mailed them. Addresses will be changed as often as requested. You can keep fully informed about Richmond affairs only through The Times-Dispatch.

Before leaving mail or phone your address to this office. Phone 4041, City Circulation Department.

The test of political institutions is the condition of the country whose fortunes they regulate.—Lord Beaconsfield.

THE SOUTH'S IRON INDUSTRY.

The Iron Trade Review, of Cleveland, declares that in its iron development the South has not fulfilled the expectations so sanguinely entertained twelve or fifteen years ago. It points out that in 1890 Alabama made 5.3 per cent. of the production of iron, while in the first half of 1907 the State made only 6.4 per cent. of the total production; and that the five States of Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama and Texas in 1890 made 15.4 per cent. of the country's pig iron, while in the first half of 1907 they made but 16 per cent. The production in these States doubled in seventeen years, but the production of the country at large, during the same period, trebled.

The Financial Chronicle, of New York, makes this statement: The text for a lengthy article on the industrial and financial situation in the South, and expresses the belief that the South has not enjoyed that rapid expansion in iron-making to which she was entitled, because "it has been found impossible to induce capital to venture into that part of the country with the same degree of freedom as in the North." "And why has it been difficult to secure money for the South," asks the Chronicle, "in face of her superabundant and inexhaustible resources?"

Answering its own question, it says that "the course of her legislation has created a feeling of distrust which has made investors and capitalists afraid to lock up money to any very great extent in enterprises in that part of the country. There has been during all this time a fear lest investments be denied that fair and considerate treatment which stone-will secure the flow of capital unimpeded in any given direction."

There is certainly no ground for such apprehension in Virginia. Investments and property rights are as safe and as well safeguarded in this State, both by law and sentiment, as in any State in the Union. Our organic law is as nearly perfect as human ingenuity could devise; our law-makers are honest and incorruptible. We believe this to be true of other Southern States, and we venture that every bit of "hostile legislation" in Alabama can be matched, if not overmatched, in New York. True, there are demagogues in the South, as there are in other sections, and by their harangues they have made it appear that the South is "hostile to capital." But they do not represent the character and sentiment of the Southern people, and there is already a reactionary movement against them, notably in North Carolina.

The truth of the matter is, as the Iron Trade Review has stated, that the South has seemed to lag in the production of iron because of the rapid development of the Mesaba range, near Lake Superior. The South's advantage lies in the fact that her raw materials—iron, coal and lime—are to be found in the same territory in proximity to each other, and also favorable freight rates, but in spite of these advantages, the use of the Mesaba range, in the Lake Superior region, gave a great impetus to the manufacture of steel in the North.

We are informed, however, that the open-hearth process will add to the advantages of the South, and, barring any general setback in the iron trade, she will show greater progress in the future than has done in the past.

BRYAN AND VIRGINIA.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot thinks that it would be funny if the real end of Mr. Bryan's third term as the Democratic nominee should be given at the Richmond Fair, under the very noses of The Times-Dispatch and the News Leader.

The Times-Dispatch has not been unmindful of the contingency suggested by our contemporary, and in order to forestall it appealed to Mr. Bryan to take advantage of his visit to the cap-

ital of Virginia to nominate a Southern man for the presidency. If he will do so he will clear the political atmosphere; if he declines, the consequences must take care of themselves.

Our Norfolk contemporary also suggests that the early convention plan may help to bring about such a result in stimulating the supporters of Mr. Bryan to forestall organized opposition by a prompt demonstration of strength. It may be. Already there are hints that the early convention movement is designed to head off Bryan. In order to clear up all such doubts, The Times-Dispatch pointedly asked the Lynchburg News if such was its purpose. Our Lynchburg contemporary promptly denied, but the mere fact that the News' proposal was seconded by newspapers of avowed opposition to Mr. Bryan's candidacy has set the wave of doubt in motion, and it is vibrating from one end of the State to the other.

Nothing is to be gained by shutting our eyes to the truth. If an early convention be called, there is reason to believe that the friends of Mr. Bryan will construe it as antagonistic to his interests, and they will turn out in full force to protect him. Has the Lynchburg News considered that aspect of the subject?

A REACTIONARY MOVEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina is a great State. Industrially, it has made remarkable strides in recent years. Railroad lines have been extended, the waste places have been given to factories, and in furniture and cotton manufacturing it is supreme. This growth and expansion came from borrowed money, from loans secured in the East, backed by that which the citizens themselves were able to provide. Now, however, there is the intimation that this development will be checked because of unfriendly legislation and courts. A Charlotte banker, who tried to negotiate certain city notes through a Baltimore firm, was informed that it did not care to handle North Carolina securities at this time, in view of the present state of public opinion. This may or may not be an exceptional case.

Full of self-glory because of his "successful" battle with the railroads, Governor Glenn seemingly is not conscious of the harm that has been done. While whipping them, he was crippling his own people. While forcing them to submit to State laws before their validity could be judicially determined, he has terrified capital from afar, heretofore friendly, and though he is paraded as a son worthy to fill the highest office in the land, he has exhibited a narrowness which would not become one in that exalted position. Apparently he was seized with the hope of future greatness or was swayed by the ranting of the demagogues. He may outlive it.

The need of a broad and more liberal spirit was shown before the adjournment of the last General Assembly. To-day the conservative, the strong men of the State, are preparing to form a conservative Democratic party, a party that can rally under its standard the men who have brought about this era of marvelous prosperity, who can help halt the recklessness of the habitual seekers of office, and who can save the Democracy. The aim of these leaders of thought is to prevent an exodus to the Republican ranks. No Southern State needs a conservative party more than North Carolina.

Having a close, friendly interest in the Old North State, The Times-Dispatch sincerely hopes the movement will succeed, as indeed it can. Led by a paper with the brains and fairness of the Charlotte Observer, by men who desire industrial supremacy, it ought to obliterate the faction which has brought the possibility of industrial distress, and give to the business world the assurance that investments will be protected so long as the corporations keep within laws. When that has been done, there will be no delay in the negotiation of Carolina securities in Baltimore or New York.

"POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW."

The Times-Dispatch prints to-day the second of its new "Famous Words of Famous Men" series. Simultaneously the "Poem You Ought to Know" is, for the first time in nearly four years, purposely omitted. In pursuance of plans made weeks ago, the new series is to alternate with the "Poems" in the columns of this paper, and the "Poems" instead of appearing daily as heretofore, will henceforward appear on every other day only.

"Poems You Ought to Know" began in The Times-Dispatch of October 11, 1903. In the all but four years which it has run it has covered the whole range of English and American poetry. It has printed translations of the best shorter pieces of the poets of antiquity. It has printed excellent selections from the poetry of France, Germany and Spain. It has, in short, given those who have followed it a view of the best of all poetry, ancient and modern, such as they could have obtained, perhaps, as conveniently, in no other way.

"Poems You Ought to Know" took for its motto some often-quoted words of Dr. Charles Elliot Norton: "Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for the refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry." The Times-Dispatch believes implicitly in the wisdom of those words. That our readers have generally been in sympathy with our belief has been amply attested by many letters and comments. There have, it goes without saying, been exceptions. Good-natured criticisms have been leveled at our choice of poems, at the accuracy of our title for the series, at the half-dozen points upon which sincere and disinterested people might naturally disagree. These came from our friends. We have welcomed them and tried to profit by them. There have also, of course, been other criticisms, from

without the circle for whom this paper is printed; the feeble and meaningless gibes of the light-minded, the chronic busy-bodies, the painstaking humorists. These, in their turn, we have noted at their full worth.

Doubtless "Poems You Ought to Know" has not been without fault, but we are confident that it has been exceedingly worth while. Few newspapers, we think, have published a daily feature that was more truly and permanently valuable. No one could have followed it intelligently from day to day without having his inner life, in Dr. Norton's words, sensibly refreshed. With both these conclusions we believe that the majority of our readers will be in hearty accord.

IN HONOR OF MAURY.

It is a happy thought of Mrs. Thos. S. Boccok, regent of the Virginia Branch of the Pocahontas Memorial Association, that the Government Pier at Jamestown Exposition be named in honor of Commodore Maury.

For years past the admirals of that distinguished man have urged that a monument to perpetuate his name and celebrate his achievements be erected at Hampton Roads. An appropriate monument has now been erected, and all that remains to be done is to name it and dedicate it to the memory of Maury, and then erect a statue overlooking the waters whose secret paths he found and mapped and whose mysteries he explored and declared.

The Times-Dispatch heartily approves of the suggestion and hopes that the government at Washington will adopt it.

The point is raised that the pier is already named, but the name can readily be changed, we imagine.

If not it could at least be amended and called "Discovery Pier; a memorial to Matthew Fontaine Maury."

Travelers who have passed through the unshorn Southwest report that the Texas plains are now so small that the unfortunate natives eat them whole with a teaspoon.

A Texas paper, says the Birmingham News, insists that there is a difference between knocking and kicking. Every Texan, naturally, is an authority on both subjects.

The Louisville Courier-Journal office is catching afire with a frequency which suggests that Editor Watterson will have to start refrigerating his copy.

The gravity of the Vancouver riots may have wrested certain laurels from San Francisco, but she still holds unchallenged title to Schmitz.

When Mr. Roosevelt becomes an editor it is freely predicted that his tariff editorials will appear in the "Telegraphic Brevities" column.

Some day the North Pole, exasperated by Mr. Wellman's dilatory wooing, will swim down to Tromsø and bliff him one behind the ears.

Students of politics are all agog to see who will be Colonel Graves's presidential candidate for the week ending September 21st.

An admirer has presented William Leeb with the tail of an elephant, which is just about what Shaw got of the G. I. P's.

Well, there might be worse things in the South than a race problem which nets \$300,000,000 worth of cotton per annum.

There are still a few fairly good ones left. Who'll have the distinction of being the original Sydney E. Mudd man?

"The largest dam in the South has just been completed," says the Nashville American. Ah, there, Admiral Evans!

"Guaranteed perfect" parachutes exhibit much the same murderous tendencies as guns that aren't loaded.

Nobody seems to know exactly whether Mr. Hearst has changed, or whether Mr. Brisbane has.

Three days are the limit of a mosquito's life; but he contrives to make that do, all right.

When the office goes out and seeks the man, it is usually because it is that kind of office.

Bishop Potter declares that "it is safer to think than to speak." Also more lonesome.

They call the Lusitania "The Ocean Arab," because she wears turbans.

Last year the Transvaal provided over 30 per cent. of the world's output of gold—i. e., \$119,797,180, out of \$397,482,372.

Famous Words of Famous Men.

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No. 4.

"Our Country, Right or Wrong."

COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR.

COMMODORE Stephen Decatur, cut off in the prime of a useful life by his duel, March 20, 1820, at Washington, with Commodore James Barron, was born in Philadelphia in 1773. His grandfather was a French naval officer who resigned from the service and settled in Philadelphia in 1752. Decatur's father, also Stephen Decatur, was a captain in the navy during the first Adams administration, and the youngest man of the name became a warrant officer in 1798.

Young Stephen Decatur's promotion was rapid. In the Tripoli campaign, during the war of 1812, and among the Algerians at a later date, he was always found at the ports of danger, and his numerous captures of the enemy's vessels are among the proud records of the sea arm of the United States. It was after Decatur's return from the Mediterranean Sea in 1818 that he was everywhere received with distinction. He was appointed a navy commissioner by President Madison, and the citizens of Baltimore banqueting him, the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress honored him in a similar way, and during the month of April he was called to Norfolk on official business. The old Virginia town was the birthplace of Mrs. Decatur, Susan Wheeler. Decatur, a citizen of Norfolk, also honored the then popular official in a social function which is notable in local history. Among the sentiments offered were:

"The Mediterranean: The sea not more of Greek and Roman than of American glory."

Decatur, when called, proposed the words that still keep his memory green:

"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong!"

Another famous words will be printed Thursday.

Rhymes for To-Day

A FEW FIGURES FOR SUBTRACTION.

[The 1907-8 woman will be exclusively of the new thin model.—Mrs. Elizabeth White, president of the Dressmakers Protective Association.] EMBROIDERY has been dealt a bit of a blow, it is said, by the fact that I had never believed it. I hadn't seen the affidavit.

That one, I mean, by Mrs. White. The world's authority on finger: Who swears that curves were never right. Or be they small, or be they bigger.

That word is law: though we may burn about it. Not here in Old Virginia! We men can only bow—and turn To greet The Woman Who Is Skinny.

We do not understand, of course: How could I dare to try a verse on The subtle wile, the occult force. By which a lady shifts her person?

Now shapely-round, by what strange plan Could she start thinning—straight-nig—leaning? Well, Mrs. White insists she can. And 'tis not mine to seek a meaning.

So curves, farewell! Both out and in Vos moriturus salubrior. Shall be the task of this gazabo. H. S. H.

MEERLY JOKING.

A Demonstrator. "This," said the shopman, "is a most wonderful hair renewer. It is our own preparation."

"Well, give me a bottle," said the bald-headed man. "But I say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself."

"Can't use it, you see, I'm the before being bald." The After Thing example is out at lunch. You should see him!—Til-Bis.

Encouraging. "I'm afraid," said the soubrette, "that I'll not be able to appear to-night. I have a sore throat." "Don't let that worry you, dear," replied the prima donna. "Nothing could happen to your throat that wouldn't help your singing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Optimist.

"Papa, what is an optimist?" "Oh, most any man on his way to a horse race."—Houston Post.

Crazy. "She positively went crazy over her new hat." "Indeed?" "Yes, I went to her head."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

No Prestige. "What makes you think that man has lost his prestige as a great financial power?" "Because nobody goes about hinting that he ought to be in jail."—Washington Star.

Twain's Admirer. "Mark Twain, pal. He's a 'rav-rite' author." "Lord Lammigan: 'Huh! What did he write?'" "Twain's 'Dunno; but I often read that he does all his work in bed.'"

Misses Nothing. "That summer resort proprietor is a sharp one. He has a new resort and a sharp one."

"I should say so. I fell off the dock and he charged me for an extra bath."—Cleveland Leader.

Secretary Taft. "What boat will Secretary Taft take for the lake?" "He'll go on a trailer." "Why?" "Because he's a candy date."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Inducement.

The congregation paid up every cent of my back salary to-day," announced the village minister. "How in the world did they happen to do that?" "I announced from the pulpit," explained the good man, "that unless I got it I would not be able to take the three months' vacation I had planned."—Chicago News.

SIDELINES AT OLD VIRGINIA.

It is sometimes discouraging to try to be fashionable. A Virginia woman acquired a good red tan at the seacoast and was forced, as a result, to ride in the Jim Crow car.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A number of Virginia Republicans have declared for Mr. Cretzlow for President, while a number of South Carolinians of the same faith have declared for Mr. Foraker. These are things believed kept balanced to a nice Washington Herald.

A Virginia negro has invented a piano that whistles—just for fun to prove that it is possible to make flat life a little more hideous than it is to-day.—Denver Republican.

A Virginia minister has been sent to prison for thirty days for having assumed with a plot the hierarchy of the Sunday school of the church. Christian charity has not been at work very hard in that congregation.—Wilmington (Del.) News.

Virginia's lone Republican Congressman thinks that State might go Republican if it were not for the fact that the Virginian has been wayward in her time, but it will hardly follow off after Roosevelt.—Nashville American.

Naming the Streets.

Sir—I read your editorial comment on my missive. Why, if the Virginian turned against me, there'd be a kind of joy in that for me. I'd be glad of the chance to face it for you, to shield you from it always.

"Then, what is there would make you love me less?" I went on, dwelling on the subject with a meek discretion, as one looks over the brink of a precipice. "Nothing on God's earth—while you kept true to me."

"And if I weren't true—if I deceived you?" "Why, I'll kill you—and myself after. But it makes me see red—a blazing scarlet—even to think of such a thing. Why should you speak of it—when it's beyond possibility, thank heaven!—that I should love me, or you wouldn't make such noble sacrifices to save me from ruin?"

I shivered, and I shall not be colder when they lay me in my coffin. I wished that I had not looked over that precipice, down into blackness. "Why dwell on it, then? Why must I repeat five minutes of happiness—perhaps the last I should ever know? I remembered the piece of good news I had for Raoul. I would have told him then, but he went on, saying to me so many things sweet and pleasant, that I could not bear to cut him short, lest never after this should he speak words of love to me. Then—long before it ought, so it seemed to me—the clock in my dressing-room struck, and I knew that I had said another defiant word."

On some first nights, I might have been willing to risk keeping the curtain down (though I am rather conscientious in such ways), but to-night I wanted more than anything else, to have the play over, and to get home. I would have told him then, but he went on, saying to me so many things sweet and pleasant, that I could not bear to cut him short, lest never after this should he speak words of love to me. Then—long before it ought, so it seemed to me—the clock in my dressing-room struck, and I knew that I had said another defiant word."

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Voice of the People.

The Exposition.

Sir—So much has lately been written in commendation of the exposition that I must have some almost a right to attempt to add anything further on that line, but so much was said in the beginning in the way of adverse criticism that perhaps this additional testimony on the other side may not be deemed out of place. The following extract from a letter just received from a distinguished minister, Mr. Knox, of Tenn., will tell what he thinks of what he saw on his visit to the exposition.

"I must also thank you and your wife for insisting that I visit the exposition, for I had heard and read so many unfavorable criticisms, and I felt that I had concluded to give it the 'go-by.' I would have made a sad mistake and grievous blunder had I carried out that intention, especially as I was so near to it. I think it is one of the best exhibitions that I have seen, and I have visited many of them. Great credit has been done by unfavorable criticisms. I have no doubt the managers are partly to blame in overlooking under so great a state of unpropitiousness, or having so much to do which should have been completed before it was opened. The Government Building, the Smithsonian Institution Building, Educational Buildings and the States' Buildings, with their exhibits, are magnificent. I could not see them all, but I saw enough to be satisfied. I think it is unsurpassed by any exhibit in previous exhibitions. I also took my meals at Beauvoir, and can say the way was as good as the Jefferson in Richmond. It may lack the variety, but it was satisfactory with a memory which the Jefferson could not furnish. My trip down the James was not only pleasant, but instructive. Captain Graves was very kind and attentive in pointing out places of interest. Many old places recall Miss Johnston's book 'To Have and to Hold.' I especially enjoyed the short time spent at Jamestown."

I may add that I fully concur in what this gentleman has so well said. But I would not consider the work done by the management of the exposition within the short time, with the limited means and under the trying circumstances, as anything but a masterpiece. I think that with the fact that about the last thing to be finished was the Government Pier, when the government could not furnish the necessary funds, and all the means requisite, it seems to me that this consideration should disarm criticism of the management. I am, Sir, very respectfully, Yours, GEO. L. CHRISTIAN.

Richmond, Va.

The Obstruction of Main Street.

Sir—It seems to be the opinion of a large number of the business men of Main Street, between Sixth and Twelfth Streets, that an unnecessarily long time is being taken in which to remove the main. The obstruction is now assuming a serious aspect. The gutters have been choked on account of piles of dirt, and paving stones that have been piled up together, less of results for more than two weeks.

At this time, when Richmond is entertaining visitors from all parts of the country, our main business street gives a good representation of a country road, and judging by the time taken to remove the obstruction, it would take all of a month more before the Street Cleaning Department will be able to clean up the mess. In the meantime, Richmond will have thousands of visitors to the Episcopal Convention, the State Fair, the Home and the Insurance Men's Convention, and other meetings, to say nothing of the hundreds of Jamestown Exposition travelers who are visiting Richmond daily.

The obstruction of Main Street is suffering, as it seems to me, an unnecessary inconvenience, and the department in charge of the work ought to be made to remove the above facts and correct them at once.

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

Naming of the Streets. Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—I read your editorial comment on my missive. Why, if the Virginian turned against me, there'd be a kind of joy in that for me. I'd be glad of the chance to face it for you, to shield you from it always.

"Then, what is there would make you love me less?" I went on, dwelling on the subject with a meek discretion, as one looks over the brink of a precipice. "Nothing on God's earth—while you kept true to me."

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